

On Doctor TAYLOR, Oculist.

YE blind, dim-sighted *Britons* now rejoyce,
For *Taylor* comes, he comes, the Eccho flies
Around, his Healing Influence to share
'Mongst Mortals, hopeles Mortals, in despair
Of Cure; Effects even marvellous succeed,
If our rare Doctor once can make them bleed,
And swallow Potions, straight the gladsome Day
On the dim Eye-ball darts the chearing Ray.
Which Bliss remains as lasting as the Light,
And ne'er returns to darken human Sight.
Kind Nature, sure, has lavish'd all her Art,
To mould, improve, and brighten every Part
Of his whole Frame; besides at Home, Abroad,
Of Science deep the secret Paths he's trode,
And push'd his Art to *exceeding great Perfection*;
What *Novelties* are found in his Prelection,
And Ladies Lectures, to them the Art conveys,
To wound, to pierce, to kill Ten thousand Ways!
So touch'd, so struck, we cannot stand their Glances,
But cry to blind our Eyes, or blunt their Lances;
Or stop, with usual Modesty and Grace,
From lect'ring, and your Instruments Enchase:

Great Doctor, and like myſt-ries Men adore;
The more they're hid, they'll be rever'd the more.
Seven Cities claim'd great *Homer* as their Son;
No Diſpute here, Great *Taylor* is our own:
In Time then, dreary Mortals, priſe the Loan
Of Heav'n, you'll curſe your Stars when *Taylor's* gone.
Advance Great Doctor, up, mount, ſoar and fly,
On golden Wings, at length you'll reach the Sky;
Scorn antiquated Saws, and vulgar Tracts
Of modern Oculiſts, all downright Quacks;
By Lectures, Practice, Oaths, and Maledictions,
Teach, cure, and damn their common curſed Fictions.
You ſeem more ſkill'd in Greek and Latin too,
Thou'ſt read *Hippocrates* and *Galen* thro';
Talk'ſt much of *Ceſus*, and the *Arabian* Writer,
Condemns the Moderns, and falls foul on *Heiſter*;
Finds out ſome Faults that were not Faults before,
And takes great Pains to ſep-rate Droſs from Ore:
From Place to Place your ſtrolling Spirit check,
In Court and Cities, Merit meets Neglect;
For if you chuſe to purchaſe great Renown,
Go, hide your Talents, in ſome Country-Town,
Where you may cut, or cure, or kill, no Matter;
Your Fame can go no farther than the Vicar,

Whoſe

Whose Squint you're sure to rectify, by tipping
His Maid, or Wife, or Daughter Cure by Couching.
Thus, Mushroom like, fix'd to one single Spot,
Much faster than it grew your Name will rot,
Hurl'd to Obliv'n, in Silence quite forgot.

The following is a Copy of an Elogium written
under a Print, done for Dr. Taylor at London.

Joannes Taylor Medicus, in optica ex-
pertissimus, multisque in Academiis
celeberrimis Membrum.

EFFIGIEM Taylor, tibi qui demissus ab alto est,
Turba alias expers luminis, ecce vides.

Hic maculas tollit, *Cataractas* deprimit omnes,
Amissum splendens excitat illi jubar.

Miranda praxi sublata *Ophthalmia* quævis
Artificæ dextræ *Gutta Serena* cedit.

Ecce virum cujus cingantur tempora lauro
Dignum, cui laudes secula longa canant.

Tis reported that the DOCTOR designs a Print
of himself, at *Edinburgh*; the following Elo-
gium is humbly recommended to be inscribed
below it.

*Joannes Taylor Medicaſter, in artibus
vere Magiſter, multisque in locis cele-
berrimis Mendicus, & de grege Hiſ-
trionum errantium membrum.*

JOANNEM TAYLOR turba nunc credula vides,

Qui rara, nova, mirandaque facta peragit.

Ficto qui officio jactat, Strophisque dolosis

Aures fœmineas & pectora fallere gaudet:

Fruſtra fed, & plagis quibus irretire paratur

Hæret, & Doctorem blanda ſpe lactat hiantem.

Uſu eſt peritus oculorum pellere morbos

Omnes, ſi multum nummorum ſervas in arca;

Captus amore lucri, oculos prope eruit omnes,

Sic infelices nummos & lumina perdunt.

HIC EST, pro meritis cupis ſi tollere juſtis,

A Populo læſo, ex imo tolletur in altum.